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SELECT EPIGRAMS

FROM

MARTIAL

FOR ENGLISH READERS.



TRANSLATED BY

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MAJJI

TO
MY FATHER,
MY FIRST LATIN TEACHER,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTION.

OF all the Latin poets Martial is perhaps one of the least generally known and appreciated. And yet his merits as a writer are of the very highest order. His wit is so pointed, and at the same time so subtle and refined, so much depends upon the delicate turn of a phrase or even the mere position of a word, and such an added charm arises from the admirable terseness and vigour of the tongue in which he composes, and of which he is a master, that his writings may well be the despair of a translator. But it is not so much in the character of a wit (though wit is what mainly attaches to the modern idea of an epigram), that Martial shines; his powers of pathos are even more remarkable. "Many of his poems," writes a well-known Classical authority, "breathe the most exquisite tones of sentiment and affection." Martial is the Tom Hood of the Latin poets; though his fame is popularly supposed to rest upon a talent for clever humour, it is in pathos that his strength lies: and the wonderful delicacy of feeling and tender beauty of expression that mark his elegiac poems are not surpassed in

any literature. These, like the songs of Tennyson, are perfect and almost unique in their kind; and, with his lighter descriptive poems or *vers de société*, as we may perhaps call them, form his great attraction as an author: and it is to give the English reader, if possible, some idea of the charm of these pathetic and graceful pieces, that the publication of these translations has been ventured upon by the writer.

Some of the Epigrams are strictly personal in their bearing. Such, in this selection, are the epitaphs, the satirical account of Cinna's habit of whispering, and the poems on the cruel treatment of Plecusa by her mistress, and on the marriage of Pudens and Claudia. Others allude to special incidents that have come under the poet's notice: as that on the sudden outbreak of fierceness in one of the trained lions of the amphitheatre; the elegant description of the wine-bowl, and the little poem on the fatal fall of the herdsman Amyntas from an oak-tree. Most of them, however, point to vices and failings common at Rome in Martial's time or bear upon customs and institutions of his day. Not a few satirize the habit of public and private recitation which appears to have been then so prevalent; the practices of legacy-hunting and marriage for money come in for some sharp strokes; and the greedy parasites Santra and Menogenes are the representatives of a class that the poet is continually holding up to ridicule.

A few words on Roman domestic life and manners in Martial's day may be added in illustration of our author, whose writings themselves provide us with an almost inexhaustible fund of information on this topic. And perhaps what strikes him most who looks back upon these old times, is the truth of

that somewhat trite phrase of Shakspeare's, in its ordinary acceptance,

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

The Roman exquisite, as depicted in one of the poet's epigrams¹, was just such another as his modern *confrère*: he was as careful in the due arrangement of his locks, as redolent of scents and perfumes, as great a retailer of small-talk, as much a hummer of popular melodies, as frequent a diner-out, and as polished a lady's-man as the latter. Again, in place of the “Not at home” of our modern civilisation, the Roman hall-porter declared his master to be “In the forum” to unwelcome visitors. We find too that the old French mode of geometrical gardening, so fashionable in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was largely practised by the wealthy Roman; and the grounds of his country-house bristled with forms of all manner of wild beasts, bears and lions and serpents, cut by the skilful hand of the gardener out of the box, the cypress, and the yew. Even colossal letters were carved out of shrubs and trees by the *artiste* who made this garden-sculpture his special profession. The point of one of our author's epigrams² turns upon the incident of a viper having hidden itself in the mouth of one of these artificial bears, which thus proved fatal to a beautiful young slave-boy, who had playfully thrust his hand into its leafy jaws.] From another of his poems³ we learn that window-gardening was not unknown among the ancients, where Martial, complaining of the extreme smallness of a farm that a friend had given him, jocosely declares that he had a larger one

¹ Ep. III. 63.

² Ep. III. 19.

³ Ep. XI. 18.

in his own window at home. Hunting the hare was also a favourite pastime with the Romans; and Martial devotes a dozen verses¹ to warning a hard-riding friend of his against the dangers attending it. The subject of another epigram² is a fragment of the ship *Argo*, which, the poet remarks, is considered more valuable now than the whole ship was in its day. This may remind us of the popular estimation in which pieces of the *Royal George* were once held, or fragments of the True Cross. Part of the Roman nuptial ceremony was the sprinkling of the newly-married woman with water, a rite which is curiously paralleled by the old Scotch practice, said not even yet to have become obsolete, of washing the feet of the bride. Finally, the heading to the translation of Ep. II. 29, p. 13, will supply us with another remarkable instance of this survival, so to speak, of customs and character. It may be interesting to notice here, though we learn the fact from another source than Martial, that carrier-pigeons, the use of which has been recently advocated as a part of the machinery of modern warfare, were known to the Romans, and were actually employed during the siege of Mutina, when messages attached to their wings were transmitted by the general in command within the walls to his friends outside. It is also a curious fact that, among the ancient Latins, actions were brought for breach of promise of marriage; and that, centuries ago, persons who drew back, without sufficient cause, from their matrimonial engagements were liable, then as now, to be mulcted in a sum of money. Happily, however, some of the characteristics of Martial's age have not survived, not at least to anything like

¹ Ep. XII. 14.

² Ep. VII. 19.

the portentous extent to which they then attained. Poisoning is not a regular trade, encouraged and even practised by the highest ruler of the state; and "Murder as one of the fine arts" fortunately exists among us only in the imagination of a De Quincey. The greedy legacy-hunter and the fawning parasite, eager to cringe and flatter, and tolerant of all kinds of insult and abuse for the sake of a legacy or of a meal, are not prominent and well-defined figures in our market-places and drawing-rooms: and, whatever may be the evils that haunt our modern everyday life, they are not thrown into relief by a dark and universal background of superstition tempered by atheism, and slavery by the lowest forms of vice.

Perhaps the greatest social institution at Rome was the Bath, and we have a large number of epigrams relating to this topic. In one of these (Ep. vi. 42, p. 63) the poet describes with some detail their elegant design and fittings; and the wonderful completeness of the baths discovered at Pompeii presents us with an almost perfect picture, on a smaller scale, of what they were at Rome. The visitor entered through a portico into a spacious vaulted chamber, with painted walls and floor of white mosaic, where he undressed, leaving his clothes under the care of a slave specially told off for the purpose; for the clothes of bathers were a favourite prey of the Roman thief. Thence, if so inclined, he passed into the swimming- or plunge-bath, paved with marble of a pure white; though, if he preferred the Spartan custom, he would first visit the sweating-room. Leading into this was the warm room, which, in Pompeii, is of the most elegant construction, and

formed an agreeable apartment for the scrapings and anointings of which the ancients were so fond, and for which they used an astonishing number of oils, soaps, and perfumes. The inner or sweating-room was surrounded on all sides by a column of heated air, produced by means of one universal flue, the entire chamber being, in fact, suspended from the outer wall by cramps of iron, so as to leave a space of some four inches all round it, by which the hot air might ascend from the furnace, and raise equally the temperature of the whole apartment. Besides these, there were rooms where hot-water baths of various degrees of heat were provided, and a part of the extensive building was devoted to conveniences for athletic games and exercises. Of these the greatest favourite was the game of ball, for which a spacious hall was specially set apart. Three kinds of balls were used, the two principal being the small regular ball, and a large light ball filled with air, like our football, but which was struck with the fist or arm. With the former the most popular method of play was the *trigon*, in which, as the name implies, three players engaged, who stood in a triangle: expert players threw and caught the ball only with the left hand. There were also large semicircular apartments where rhetoricians declaimed and philosophers lectured, and where the poet or poetical *amateur* would take advantage of the leisure of the bathers and other loungers to recite his latest poem. This custom of recitation, either of one's own or of another's poetry, seems to have been carried to great lengths in Martial's day, and the Romans appear to have bored one another without mercy in this way, on a sort of mutual improvement principle. Our author's epigrams are full of

attacks upon this unpleasant habit. "If," says he¹ to his friend Urbicus, "you cannot afford to buy my poems, go to Auctus yonder, and he will at once invite you to a little *tête-à-tête* dinner. He knows them all by heart, and, while you eat and drink, he will recite; you may begin to weary of them, but he will recite them all the louder; and when at last you cry 'Enough,' he will still recite." Others, in this selection, bear upon this foible, one of them (Ep. III. 44, p. 29) being a remarkably bitter satire on the practice.

Another important institution at Rome was the Morning *Levée*. The vestibule of the wealthy Roman's house might be seen crowded at an early hour by a multitude of visitors of all classes: clients of the family, who received a daily allowance from their lord's table; poor poets looking out for patronage; needy parasites with an eye to an invitation to dinner; with perhaps a few real friends besides. The clients were also expected to swell the retinue of their patron when he went abroad, and generally to give him their assistance and support; and of the discomfort and unprofitableness of such a life Martial constantly complains.

Soon after the bath came a third great institution, the Dinner: for the Romans took but a mouthful of breakfast, followed by a lunch almost as slender, and reserved themselves for the final and principal meal, the ordinary time for which was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the business of the day was over. It would exceed the limits of these remarks to describe the elaborate machinery and the multifarious and costly dishes that went to make up a Roman banquet. Some

¹ Ep. VII. 51.

slight idea of their number and variety may be gathered from the epigram on the gluttonous Santra (VII. 20, p. 77). One point, however, connected with this topic may be mentioned. It was often the custom, at grand dinners, to remove table and all when a course was finished, fresh tables being introduced with each fresh course. This custom gave the wealthy an opportunity of displaying the magnificence and variety of their tables: which, made of slabs of maple or of the African citrus, a species of cypress, often cost many thousand pounds. These tables were not covered with cloths at meals, so that the beautiful waves and curling veins of the wood could be seen and admired by the guests. In the epigram on page 81, Annius's economy overcomes his vanity, and he sends his servants round with the different courses, instead of showing off, as he might have done, his innumerable tables. In another epigram¹ Martial ridicules Olus for having his costly tables brought in with a cloth on. "I could have fine tables," says the poet, "if I might do that."

The dinner was sometimes succeeded by a drinking-bout. The guests, crowned with chaplets of roses or ivy, sat or rather reclined round the table, upon which was placed a bowl filled with wine tempered with water, like our claret-cup. The Romans seldom or never drank their wine neat; three parts of water to two of wine formed a common mixture, the proportions being settled by him whom the dice declared king or president of the entertainment. From the central bowl the wine was measured out with a ladle into the goblets of the drinkers, and when the health of a friend was proposed, as many of these

¹ Ep. x. 54.

measures of liquor were drunk by each guest as there were letters to his name. Allusions to this method of toasting are common in our author. Thus in one of our epigrams (VIII. 51, p. 93) Martial proposes to drink either four measures to the name *Rufe*, the vocative case of *Rufus*; or seven measures to the name *Instans*, another form of *Instantius*; or, lastly, twelve measures to represent both his friend's names, *Instans Rufus*. Again, in another epigram (IX. 93, p. 113), he bids his attendant pour out six measures, one for each of the six letters of the name *Caesar*. He then crowns himself ten times with the rose-chaplet for the ten letters of the name *Germanicus*, the wreath being put on and taken off each time the health was drunk; the whole line alluding to the consecration of the Temple built by the emperor in honour of the Flavian family. Similarly, the ten kisses represent the name *Domitianus*, that ruler having conquered the Odrysae, a Thracian tribe.

Among the Romans, who wore no head-covering except sometimes when travelling, baldness was looked upon with much disfavour, and various artifices, as we find from several epigrams (VI. 57, p. 69; XII. 89, p. 143), were employed to hide it. Hence the fondness of the first Caesar for wearing a laurel wreath. False hair and false teeth were not uncommon, but it seems to have been considered a piece of effrontery to wear them. It has been left to modern times, as we see from Ep. XII. 23, p. 135, to invent glass eyes, though the ancients equalled and even excelled us in many forms of glass manufacture.

Martial was by birth a Spaniard, and his life extends from about A.D. 40 to A.D. 103. He came to Rome as a boy, and

most of his epigrams were published during the reign of Domitian, who highly esteemed him as an author. His frequent allusions to the sports of the amphitheatre, its tame lions and performing bulls (see pp. 7, 21), were no doubt prompted by a desire to please that emperor, who took the greatest interest in these exhibitions. His writings were very popular at Rome, and seem, in consequence, to have become the prey of plagiarists, against whom several of his bitterest epigrams are directed. Success also rendered him liable to the attacks of jealous and captious critics, as we find from the poems on pp. 19, 23, 73 of this selection. We may note here that Martial's wit but seldom has recourse to plays upon words. At the close of a poem previously referred to¹ he puns on the Latin words *praedium* and *prandium*, *pasture* and *repast*, as we may perhaps translate them; in another², *haliculam*, *capēs*, is pitted in the same way against *halicam*, *capers*; while in a third³, he jocosely points out to the barber *Cinnamus*, who was anxious to shorten his freedman's name into the Roman one of *Cinna*, that on the same principle the name *Furius* would straightway be metamorphosed into *fur*, a thief. The epigram may perhaps be rendered as follows :

“Why, Cinnamus, I do not know
The name of Cinna you prefer.
Suppose your name were *Roberts*—so
You'd straight become a *robber*, sir!”

It is a curious fact, as has been remarked elsewhere, that a written copy of one of Martial's books could be bought considerably cheaper than a printed one could now, viz. for

¹ Ep. xi. 18.

² Ep. xii. 81.

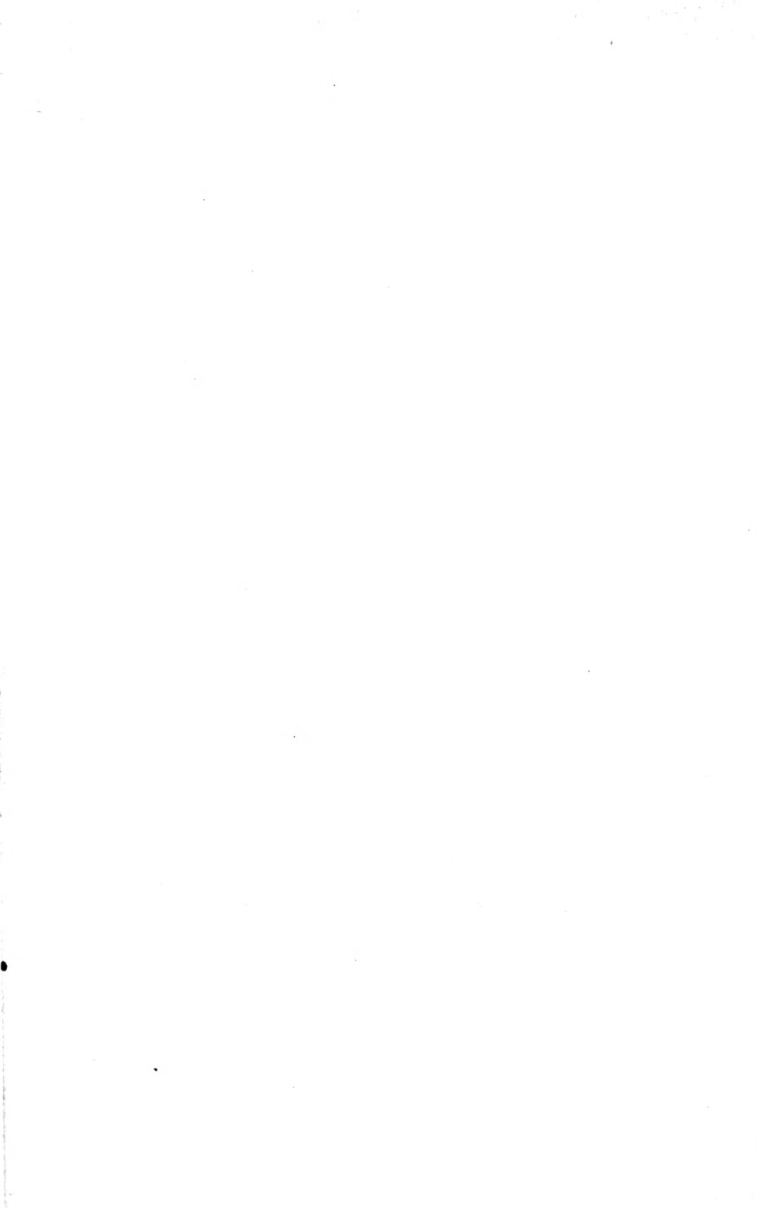
³ Ep. vi. 17.

about fourpence half-penny, and that with a profit to the bookseller, as he expressly mentions¹. Apart from the grossness of some of his verses, the poet's chief weakness lay in the spirit of abject flattery that marks his allusions to Domitian. This, however, was the vice of his day, a fawning servility being the only road to favour with such a ruler, beneath whose sway any independence of character on the part of a man of note was likely to cost him his life. His language in Ep. x. 72, p. 127, shows the bound of relief he felt at being freed from such a system.

These few explanatory remarks, with the headings prefixed to each of the translations, will, it is hoped, render this selection of Martial's Epigrams fully intelligible to the English reader. The author's text has been placed side by side with the translation, for the benefit of those readers who are students of Latin. To such it is an additional pleasure to be able readily to compare the original with the English version.

W. T. W.

¹ Ep. XIII. 3.





TRANSLATIONS.

I. 10.

Petit Gemellus nuptias Maronillae
Et cupit et instat et precatur et donat.
Adeone pulchra est? immo foedius nil est.
Quid ergo in illa petitur et placet? Tussit.

I. 10.

Gemellus is anxious to marry the ugly Maronilla for the sake of her fortune; her great attraction being that she is in a consumption. Compare the epigram on p. 115.

Gemellus doth his mistress pray
At once to fix the wedding day;
Sends gifts, and begs with all his might.
Is she so fair?—A perfect fright!
What is it then that sets her off?
Why, Maronilla has—a cough.

peal

I. 88.

Alcime, quem raptum domino crescentibus annis
Lavicana levi cespite velat humus,
Accipe non Pario nutantia pondera saxo,
Quae cineri vanus dat ruitura labor,
Sed faciles buxos et opacas palmitis umbras
Quaeque virent lacrimis roscida prata meis.
Accipe, care puer, nostri monimenta doloris:
Hic tibi perpetuo tempore vivet honor.
Cum mihi supremos Lachesis perneverit annos,
Non aliter cineres mando iacere meos.

I. 88.

On the grave of a favourite slave-boy, who had died young in the poet's house. The open space that fringed the high-roads round the city formed the Roman cemeteries.

Torn from thy master's home by fate,
Loved youth, in beauty's opening bloom;
No Parian marble's tottering weight
With transient splendour marks thy tomb.

For thee, beside Labican way,
The box her pliant branches rears,
And there the vine's dark shadows play
O'er grass that's dewy with my tears.

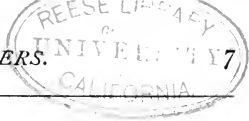
Accept, dear youth, what grief has done :
Thus lasting honour shalt thou crave.
I ask, when Fate my life has spun,
That such as these may deck my grave.

I. 89.

Garris in aurem semper omnibus, Cinna,
Garris et illud teste quod licet turba.
Rides in aurem, quereris, arguis, ploras,
Cantas in aurem, iudicas, taces, clamas,
Adeoque penitus sedit hic tibi morbus,
Ut saepe in aurem, Cinna, Caesarem laudes.

I. 104.

Picto quod iuga delicata collo
Pardus sustinet improbaeque tigres
Indulgent patientiam flagello,
Mordent aurea quod lupata cervi,
Quod frenis Libyci domantur ursi
Et, quantum Calydon tulisse fertur,
Paret purpureis aper capistris;



✓ I. 89.

On Cinna's inveterate habit of whispering. The last two lines are a bitter satire, the man being notorious as a fulsome court flatterer.

Cinna, what all the world might hear
You fain would whisper in one's ear.
In whispers still you talked and sung,
Laughed, shouted, wept, or held your tongue.
Adjudged a case, a quarrel had
In whispers still; indeed, so bad
|| The habit's grown, that now you lisp, sir,
|| Even Caesar's praises in a whisper.

I. 104.

A description of the performances of trained beasts in the amphitheatre, concluding with a compliment to Domitian. The chase of the Calydonian wild boar, to which all the princes of the age assembled, was a famous theme with the ancients.

When we behold the leopard there
Upon his spotted shoulders bear
A gaudy yoke, while tigers fell
To brook the lash are schooled so well:
Stags champ the jagged golden bit,
And Libyan bears to reins submit,
And purple halters boars put on,
As huge as he of Calydon:

Turpes esseda quod trahunt bisontes
Et molles dare iussa quod choreas
Nigro belua non negat magistro :
Quis spectacula non putet deorum?
Haec transit tamèn, ut minora, quisquis
Venatus humiles videt leonum,
Quos velox lepòrum timor fatigat.
Dimittunt, repetunt amantque captos
Et securior est in ore praeda,
Laxos cui dare perviosque rictus
Gaudent et timidos tenere dentes,
Mollem frangere dum pudet rapinam
Stratis cum modo venerint iuvcncis.
Haec clementia non paratur arte,
Sed norunt cui serviant leones.

Unsightly bisons waggons trail,
Nor does the monstrous tusker fail
His nimble dances to afford,
At bidding of his sable lord:—
Who would not say that this would be
A pageant fit for gods to see?
Yet he who once the lions viewed—
The lowly chase by them pursued,
Which hares fatigue with timorous speed—
These lesser sights would little heed.
They now release, now hunt, at will,
And catch them but to fondle still;
And in the lion's mouth the hare
Feels safer, since it is his care
Loosely to close his jaws, and so
Allow his prey to come and go,
And keep his cautious fangs from blame
Of outrage; for he holds it shame,
From heifer's slaughter come, to tear
So weak a quarry as a hare.
It is not through the trainer's art
The lions play this gentle part:
But 'tis because to them 'tis known
How kind is he whose rule they own.

II. 16.

Zoilus aegrotat : faciunt hanc stragula febrem.

Si fuerit sanus, coccina quid facient ?

Quid torus a Nilo, quid Sidone tinctus olenti ?

Ostendit stultas quid nisi morbus opes ?

Quid tibi cum medicis ? dimitte Machaonas omnes.

Vis fieri sanus, stragula sume mea.

II. 20.

Carmina Paulus emit, recitat sua carmina Paulus.

Nam quod emas, possis iure vocare tuum.

✓ II. 16.

On a rich man who feigned illness that he might show off his costly bed-furniture to his friends who came to visit him. Machaon, son of Aesculapius, was physician to the Greeks during the Trojan war.

Zoilus is ill: what brings his pains?
 His gorgeous quilts and counterpanes.
 For were he well, as I or you,
 What would his grand bed-curtains do?
 His mattress which the Nile supplies,
 And hangings gay with Sidon's dyes?
 What else but illness, caught by rule,
 Displays the riches of a fool?
 What boot your doctors? Send their way on
 All those disciples of Machaon.
 Wish you your health once more to gain?
 Be wise, and take my counterpane.

(Wylie)

✓ II. 20.

On a plagiarist.

Paullus buys poems, and aloud,
 As his, recites them to the crowd.
 For what you buy it is well known
 You have a right to call your own.

II. 29.

Rufe, vides illum subsellia prima terentem,
Cuius et hinc lucet sardonychata manus
Quaeque Tyron totiens epotavere lacernae
Et toga non tactas vincere iussa nives,
Cuius olet toto pinguis coma Marcelliano
Et splendent volso brachia trita pilo;
Non hesterna sedet lunata lingula planta,
Coccina non laesum pingit aluta pedem,
Et numerosa linunt stellantem splenia frontem.
Ignoras quid sit? splenia tolle, leges.

II. 29.

On one who, once a slave, had become a fine gentleman, and sat in the front benches of the theatre, wearing the red shoe with C-shaped ornament that denoted the Roman Senator. The man had taken advantage of the fashion of wearing patches, common in a later day at the court of Queen Anne, to conceal the brandmarks on his forehead. Marcellus was the *Rimmel* of his time.

Friend Rufus, yonder man you see,
Who in the front seats lounges free,
And doth even here a glitter fling
From that sardonyx in his ring.
His mantle, with its gorgeous dye,
Must oft have drained Tyre's riches dry. Tyre's
His toga too such care doth show,
'Tis whiter than untrodden snow.
So strong his greasy odours spread,
Sure all Marcellus scents his head:
And shine his arms, all smooth and bare,
Plucked clean of each disfiguring hair.
Fresh every day a riband new
Makes fast his crescent-mounted shoe;
Which, gay with red morocco, still
Softly protects his foot from ill:
While spangling patches, by the score,
Besmear his plastered forehead o'er.
What fellow's this, ask you?—You need
But lift those patches, then you'll read.

II. 35.

Cum sint crura tibi simulent quae cornua lunae,
In rhytio poteris, Phoebe, lavare pedes.

II. 38.

Quid mihi reddat ager quaeris, Line, Nomentanus?
Hoc mihi reddit ager: te, Line, non video.

II. 35.

On a bandy-legged man.

Your legs, so like the moon at crescent,
A bathing-tub will scarce look neat in :
So here I send you, for a present,
A drinking-horn to wash your feet in.

✓ II. 38.

To Linus, who had sneered at the unproductiveness of the poet's farm among the Sabine hills.

Ask you what my Nomentane fields
Can yield me, Linus, bleak and few?
For me my farm this, Linus, yields ;—
That, when I'm there, I'm rid of you.

II. 66.

Unus de toto peccaverat orbe comarum

Anulus, incerta non bene fixus acu.

Hoc facinus Lalage, speculo quo viderat, ultra est

Et cecidit sectis icta Plecusa comis.

Desine iam, Lalage, tristes ornare capillos,

Tangat et insanum nulla puella caput.

Hoc salamandra notet vel saeva novacula nudet,

Ut digna speculo fiat imago tuo.

II. 66.

On the cruel punishment inflicted by a Roman lady upon her tire-woman with a hand-mirror of polished metal. The poet says she deserves to have her head shaved for being a maniac. The Romans fancied that the touch of a salamander would make the hair drop off.

Of all the ringlets that within
The head's encircling cluster lie,
Ill-fastened by a faltering pin,
A single curl had slipped awry.

With the same glass in which she spies
This fault, the fair her vengeance sped.
Beneath the blow Plecusa lies,
Struck down with bruised and bleeding head.

Henceforward each ill-omened tress
Let Lalage disordered wear ;
And never more may handmaid dress
The locks of such a maniac's hair.

Let salamander mar their grace,
Or ruthless razor shave them clean ;
That so the mirrored form we trace
May match the glass in which 'tis seen.

II. 71.

Candidius nihil est te, Caeciliane : notavi,
Si quando ex nostris disticha pauca lego,
Protinus aut Marsi recitas aut scripta Catulli.
Hoc mihi das, tanquam deteriora legas,
Ut collata magis placeant mea? Credimus istud :
Malo tamen recites, Caeciliane, tua.

II. 71.

On one who, under pretence of raising, really desired to lower Martial's reputation as a poet. Marsus and Catullus were well-known poets of the age.

Caecilianus, nought as you
Was e'er so artless or so true.
I've noticed that, should I recite
A verse or two of those I write,
You straight declaim with ready tongue
What Marsus or Catullus sung.
Does this from courtesy proceed,
As though inferior rhymes you'd read,
That so my own, compared with these,
My vanity may better please?
No doubt. But if this reason's right,
Why not, my friend, your own recite?

II. 75.

Verbera securi solitus leo ferre magistri
Insertamque pati blandus in ora manum
Dedidicit pacem subito feritate reversa,
Quanta nec in Libycis debuit esse iugis.
Nam duo de tenera puerilia corpora turba,
Sanguineam rastris quae renovabat humum,
Saevus et infelix furiali dente peremit :
Martia non vidit maius harena nefas.
Exclamare libet : “ crudelis, perfide, praedo,
A nostra pueris parcere disce lupa ! ”

II. 75.

On one of the trained lions of the amphitheatre. The poet recommends to it the example of the wolf of the Capitol, which suckled Romulus and Remus.

A lion, wont to bear the blows
His fearless master's rod bestows,
So tame that he would quiet stand,
While in his jaws you thrust your hand,
Sudden forgot his peaceful ways,
And such a fierceness here displays
As had disgraced his Libyan lair,
For two among the boys, whose care
It was with rakes to hide from sight
The bloody traces of the fight,
The savage wretch in pieces tore.
Rome's amphitheatre before
Ne'er saw so fell a deed as this.
Thus to exclaim 'twere not amiss:—
“Traitor, that dost such ravine dare,
From our own wolf learn boys to spare!”

II. 86.

Quod nec carmine glorior supino
Nec retro lego Sotaden cinaedum,
Nusquam Graecula quod recantat echo
Nec dictat mihi luculentus Attis
Mollem debilitate galliambon :
Non sum, Classice, tam malus poeta.
Quid, si per graciles vias petauri
Invitum iubeas subire Ladan?
Turpe est difficiles habere nugas
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.
Scribat carmina circulis Palaemon,
Me raris iuvat auribus placere.

II. 86.

The poet replies to the charge that he could not write verses with curious metrical peculiarities, or effeminate poems like the *Atys* of Catullus. This, he says, is like finding fault with a good runner for not being an acrobat.

Because I do not take delight
In poems that will backwards read,
Or to such dextrous rhymes give heed
As rakish Sotadés could write:

Because, as Grecian poets use,
No verse among my writings shows
A foolish echo at its close;
Nor yet, with others, do I choose

To ape Catullus' famous theme
In galliambics' nerveless style:—
I am not therefore, friend, the while,
So poor a poet as you deem.

What folly were it to command
Ladas, in running lithe of limb,
Against his will upon the rim
Of the revolving wheel to stand!

'Tis mean and foolish to assign
Long care and pains to trifles light.
Palaemon for the mob may write,
To please ears fit and few be mine.

II. 92.

Natorum mihi ius trium roganti
Musarum pretium dedit mearum
Solutus qui poterat. Valebis, uxor.
Non debet domini perire munus.

III. 8.

Thaïda Quintus amat, quam Thaïda? Thaïda luscam.
Unum oculum Thaïs non habet, ille duos.



II. 92.

In order to promote marriage, certain privileges were granted by law to persons who had not fewer than three children. These advantages were sometimes, as in Martial's case, obtained unconditionally, by special favour of the Emperor.

The rights derived from children three,
 Reward for my poetic dower,
 At my request were given to me
 By him who only had the power.
 So now, my wife, to thee farewell I say :
 My lord's kind gift must not be thrown away.


 III. 8.

On the lover of a lady who had but one eye.
 'Tis Thais Quintus calls his dear.
 Thais his dear? Pray, sir, which one?
 The one-eyed Thais. 'Faith, 'tis clear
 She has but one eye, he has none.

III. 18.

Perfrixisse tuas questa est praefatio fauces.

Cum te excusaris, Maxime, quid recitas?

III. 43.

Mentiris iuvenem tinctis, Laetine, capillis,

Tam subito corvus, qui modo cygnus eras.

Non omnes fallis; scit te Proserpina canum

Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo.

V III. 18.

On one who prefaced his recitations with an apology for his hoarseness. "We shall only be too glad," says the poet, "to excuse you from reading your poems to us at all." See Introduction, p. x.

You tell us, ere you read a verse,
Your throat is bad, your cold is worse.
Since you've excused yourself, my friend,
Shut up your book and make an end.

V III. 43.

On an old fop who dyed his hair. According to Roman superstition, Proserpine, queen of Hades, cut off a lock from a person's head at death.

Laetinus, fain to cheat men's eyes,
You smear your head with umber dyes ;
And, late a swan as white as snow,
You've suddenly become a crow.
Is every one deceived by you?
No, one can tell the genuine hue.
Proserpine knows your hair is grey,
And she will tear that mask away.

III. 44.

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter,
Quod, quacunque venis, fuga est et ingens
Circa te, Ligurine, solitudo,
Quid sit, scire cupis? Nimis poeta es.
Hoc valde vitium periculosum est.
Non tigris catulis citata raptis,
Non dipsas medio perusta sole,
Nec sic scorpios improbus timetur.
Nam tantos, rogo, quis ferat labores?
Et stanti legis et legis sedenti.
In thermas fugio: sonas ad aurem.
Piscinam peto: non licet natare.
Ad cenam propero: tenes euntem.
Ad cenam venio: fugas sedentem.
Lassus dormio: suscitās iacentem.
Vis, quantum facias mali, videre?
Vir iustus, probus, innocens timeris.


 III. 44.

To Ligurinus, who, though a man of blameless character, put everybody to flight with his perpetual recitations. See Introduction, p. x.

Why everybody shuns your sight,
 And why, since all are put to flight,
 Wherever your approach is viewed,
 The place is one vast solitude:—
 This, Ligurinus, would you know?
 You're too poetical, I trow.
 'Tis dangerous having this repute.
 Not savage tigress in pursuit
 Of them that stole her whelps away,
 Not serpent, scorched by burning ray
 Of Libya's sun, not scorpion fell
 Is deemed by all so terrible.
 For, prythee tell me, who could bear
 The burdens you for folk prepare?
 Should I stand by, your rhymes you read;
 Or if I sit, you still proceed.
 To the hot baths I fly for fear:
 You din your verses in my ear.
 Chased thence, I seek the plunge-bath's brim:
 But, while you're ranting, who could swim?
 To dinner then I haste: alack!
 Just as I start, you hold me back.
 The table reached, I fain would eat:
 You scare me as I take my seat.
 Quite wearied out, to sleep I try:
 You rouse me ere I down can lie.
 Shall I, my friend, make plain to you
 What serious mischief 'tis you do?
 All fear you still, and fly you far,
 Good, upright, blameless as you are.

III. 46.

Exigis a nobis operam sine fine togatam.

Non eo, libertum sed tibi mitto meum.

“Non est” inquis “idem.” Multo plus esse probabo :

Vix ego lecticam subsequar, ille feret.

In turbam incideris, cuneos umbone repellet ;

Invalidum est nobis ingenuumque latus.

Quidlibet in causa narraveris, ipse tacebo :

At tibi tergeminum mugiet ille sophos.

Lis erit, ingenti faciet convitia voce :

Esse pudor vetuit fortia verba mihi.

“Ergo nihil nobis” inquis “praestabis amicus?”

Quidquid libertus, Candide, non poterit.

III. 46.

Martial satirically suggests that his steward is better fitted than himself to perform the duties expected of a client. See Introduction, p. xi.

Day after day you still demand
A client's duties at my hand.
I still decline your call to attend,
But in my stead my steward send.
"That's quite another thing," say you.
That 'tis far more I'll prove it true.
I toil behind your litter's state :
He'll lend his shoulder to the weight.
Should jostling crowds your path surround,
With elbow raised he'll hold his ground :
Unfit for such a fray, my chest
Is delicate and weak at best.
However well you plead your suit,
I in the court shall sit quite mute :
Whereas my fellow forth will roar
His ready *bravos* by the score.
Have you a quarrel? Ever bold,
In voice of thunder he will scold :
While shame to me forbids the use
Of boisterous accents of abuse.
"Then will you, after all," say you,
"To prove your friendship nothing do?"
I'll give you, sir, my love to show,
That which a steward can't bestow.

III. 52.

Empta domus fuerat tibi, Tongiliane, ducenis :

Abstulit hanc nimium casus in urbe frequens.

Collatum est deciens. Rogo, non potes ipse videri

Incendisse tuam, Tongiliane, domum?

III. 57.

Callidus imposuit nuper mihi copo Ravennae :

Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.

✓ III. 52.

Fires were of such common occurrence at Rome that it became the custom, when a man's house was burnt down, for his rich friends to send him presents of money, plate, &c. to make up the loss, on a sort of mutual insurance system.

Some fifteen hundred pounds you spent
 In buying, friend, a house in town.
 By a too common accident
 There came a fire and burnt it down.
 Your numerous friends subscribe to pay
 Eight thousand pounds in compensation.
 Might it not seem your hand, I pray,
 That lighted up this conflagration?

✓ III. 57.

At Ravenna water was so scarce, that wine was cheaper than good water.

I at Ravenna chanced to dine,
 And found mine host a cheat:
 For when I asked for tempered wine,
 The rascal sold me neat.

III. 61.

Esse nihil dicis quidquid petis, improbe Cinna :
Si nil, Cinna, petis, nil tibi, Cinna, nego.

III. 94.

Esse negas coctum leporem poscisque flagella.
Mavis, Rufe, cocum scindere, quam leporem.

III. 61.

The poet judges Cinna out of his own mouth. "You are always asking favours on the ground that they are 'mere nothings.' Very well then, I will give you just what you ask, viz. nothing."

Your importunity to mask,
" 'Tis a mere nothing," still you cry.
Since nothing, Cinna, 'tis you ask,
Then nothing, Cinna, I deny.

✓ III. 94.

On a stingy host, who, to save his dishes, pretended that they were underdone.

"The hare is raw, bring me a whip!"
Thus, Rufus, you declare.
Yes, to your cook you'd rather give
A cut than to your hare.

IV. 13.

Claudia, Rufe, meo nubit peregrina Pudenti:
Macte esto taedis, o Hymenaeae, tuis.
Tam bene rara suo miscentur cinnama nardo,
Massica Theseis tam bene vina favis;
Nec melius teneris iunguntur vitibus ulmi,
Nec plus lotus aquas, litora myrtus amat.
Candida perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus aequa iugo.
Diligat illa senem quondam, sed et ipsa marito
Tum quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

IV. 13.

On the happy marriage of Pudens and Claudia, perhaps the same as St. Paul mentions in 2 Tim. iv. 21. Claudia appears, from another epigram (xi. 53) to have been of British birth. Hence the allusion to the union of the native (Massic) wine with the foreign (Athenian) honey, a mixture that formed a common Roman beverage.

Here, Hymen, here thy blessings shed,
Bright burns thy torches' golden flame :
For Pudens doth with Claudia wed,
The Roman lord and British dame.

How seldom nard its odours sweet
And cinnamon combine so well ;
Or Massic wines so fitly meet
With juice of Attic honey-cell !

Not with more grace do soft with brave—
Do tender vines with elms unite ;
Nor better lotus loves the wave,
Or myrtles in their banks delight.

Fair on this marriage-couch the while,
A goddess bright, let Concord rest ;
And kindly still may Venus smile
On mutual love of pair so blest.

Him may her warm affection cheer,
When youth on time's swift pinions flies ;
And so may she, when age is near,
Seem never old to loving eyes.

IV. 24.

Omnes quas habuit, Fabiane, Lycoris amicas
Extulit: uxori fiat amica meae.

IV. 41.

Quid recitaturus circumdas vellera collo?
Conveniunt nostris auribus ista magis.

✓ IV. 24.

On a female poisoner. Under the Roman Emperors poisoning became a regular profession, and women who, like the notorious Locusta, excelled in the art, were in great request. Compare Ep. iv. 69, p. 43.

Lycoris, sir, has made an end
At length of every female friend.
'Tis now my only wish in life
That she for friend would take my wife.

✓ IV. 41.

On one who, when reciting, tied up his sore throat with woollen comforters. See Introduction, p. x.

Why, ere your verses you recite,
Thus muffle up your throat so tight?
'Twould better suit the crowd that hears:
Give us that wool to stuff our ears.

IV. 59.

Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera repit,

Fluxit in obstantem sūcina gutta feram.

Quae dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,

Concrete riguit vincta repente gelu.

Ne tibi regali placeas, Cleopatra, sepulcro,

Vipera si tumulo nobiliore iacet.

IV. 59.

On a viper enclosed in amber. The Heliades were three sisters, who were so inconsolable at the death of their brother Phaeton that they were changed by the gods into poplars and their tears into amber.

A viper o'er some branches crept
Moist with the tears the Heliads wept.
A drop of amber, as he passed,
Came trickling down, and held him fast.
And while the creature's wonder grew,
Thus caught and clogged with resinous dew,
The hardening juice its victim sealed,
As though in icy bonds congealed.
Then, Cleopatra, boast no more
The pomp that marks thy burial floor;
Since here a viper lies, thy doom,
Interred within a nobler tomb.

IV. 69.

Tu Setina quidem semper vel Massica ponis,
Papile, sed rumor tam bona vina negat.
Diceris hac factus caelebs quater esse lagona.
Nec puto, nec credo, Papile, nec sitio.

IV. 69.

Papilus, who was famous for his good cellar, supplied from the vintages of Setia and Mount Massicus, had lost four wives in succession, so that a report got about that his wines were poisoned. Compare Ep. IV. 24, P. 39.

On Massic and Setinian fares

The guest that banquets in your hall.

Yet, Papilus, report declares

Them not so wholesome after all.

'Tis said that by that wine-jar you

Four times became a widower. Thus

I neither think, nor hold it true,

Nor am I thirsty, Papilus.

IV. 72.

Exigis, ut donem nostros tibi, Quinte, libellos.

Non habeo, sed habet bibliopola Tryphon.

“Aes dabo pro nugis et emam tua carmina sanus?”

Non” inquis “faciam tam fatue.” Nec ego.

IV. 79.

Hospes eras nostri semper, Matho, Tiburtini.

Hoc emis. Imposui: rus tibi vendo tuum.

✓ IV. 72.

To one who asked for a presentation copy of Martial's poems, to save the expense of buying them. Tryphon was a well-known bookseller at Rome.

You ask me to present you with a copy of my verses.

I have none, sir, but Tryphon has for gentlemen with purses.

“What, do you think I'm mad enough your trashy songs to buy, sir?

I am not such a simpleton,” you answer. Nor am I, sir.

✓ IV. 79.

To Matho, who had given the poet rather too much of his company.

Matho, my country-house confessed

Your presence there, a constant guest.

You buy the place. A cheat I'm grown ;

I've sold you what was erst your own.

V. 9.

Languēbam : sed tu comitatus protinus ad me

Venisti centum, Symmache, discipulis.

Centum me tetigere manus aquilone gelatae :

Non habui febrem, Symmache, nunc habeo.

V. 9.

On Symmachus, a physician, and his medical students, who appear to have made use of the poet as a sort of *corpus vile* to experiment upon.

Came Symmachus to ease my pain,
A hundred pupils in his train.
A hundred hands, with Boreas numbed,
My wrist befingered and bethumbed.
Fever, sir leech, before I had none ;
But now I've got a very bad one.

V. 34.

Hanc tibi, Fronto pater, genetrix Flaccilla, puellam
Oscula commendo deliciasque meas,
Parvula ne nigras horrescat Erotion umbras
Oraque Tartarei prodigiosa canis.
Impletura fuit sextae modo frigora brumae,
Vixisset totidem ni minus illa dies.
Inter tam veteres ludat lasciva patronos
Et nomen blaeso garriat ore meum.
Mollia non rigidus cespes tegat ossa, nec illi,
Terra, gravis fueris: non fuit illa tibi.

V. 34.

On Erotion, a little slave-girl and pet of the poet's, who died before she was quite six years old. In the second line, the allusion is to Cerberus, the three-headed watch-dog of Hades.

To you—dun spectres to forefend
And yon Tartarean monster dread—
This little maiden I commend,
Dead parents of my darling dead!

Had only my Erotion's span,
While just so many days were told,
Been lengthened out to dwell with man,
She had been then six winters old.

Still sportive may she spend her days,
And lisp my name with prattling tongue;
Nor chide her little wanton ways,
Mid friends so old, and she so young.

Soft be the turf that shrouds her bed,
For delicate and soft was she.
And, Earth, lie lightly o'er her head,
For light the steps she laid on thee.

V. 37.

Puella senibus dulcior mihi cygnis,
Aagna Galaesi mollior Phalantini,
Concha Lucrini delicatior stagni,
Cui nec lapillos praeferas Erythraeos,
Nec modo politum pecudis Indicae dentem
Nivesque primas liliumque non tactum ;
Quae crine vicit Baetici gregis vellus
Rhenique nodos aureamque nitellam ;
Fragravit ore, quod rosarium Paesti,
Quod Atticarum prima mella cerarum,
Quod sucinorum rapta de manu gleba ;
Cui comparatus indecens erat pavus,
Inamabilis sciurus et frequens phoenix :
Adhuc recenti tepet Erotion busto,
Quam pessimorum lex amara fatorum

V. 37.

On the same subject as the previous epigram. The Romans admired a fair complexion and flaxen or auburn hair. It was customary with the Roman ladies to carry balls of amber to cool the hands; these when warmed gave out a scent.

Maiden, more sweet to me than swans-down grey,
Softer than lambs that by Galaesus play,
More elegant than pearl of Lucrine shell,
Nor Persia's diamonds are preferred so well,
So white not India's new-cut ivory shows,
The ungathered lily, or fresh-fallen snows:
Whose locks, than fleece of Baetic flock more fair,
Surpass the Teuton's knotted length of hair,
Or gold-furred dormouse: to whose lips their scent
Was by sweet rose of Paestum's garden lent,
Or lately-handled amber's fragrant smell,
Or the first-fruits of Attic honey-cell:
Compared with whom nor seemed the peacock fair,
The squirrel lovesome, nor the phoenix rare—
In her fresh tomb, scarce cold, Erotion lies,
Whom bitter fate cut off with cruel spite

Sexta peregit hieme, nec tamen tota,
Nostros amores gaudiumque lususque.
Et esse tristem me meus vetat Paetus,
Pectusque pulsans pariter et comam vellens:
“Deflere non te vernulae pudet mortem?
Ego coniugem” inquit “extuli et tamen vivo,
Notam, superbam, nobilem, locupletem.”
Quid esse nostro fortius potest Paeto?
Ducentiens accepit, et tamen vivit.

V. 43.

Thais habet nigros, niveos Laecania dentes.

Quae ratio est? Emptos haec habet, illa suos.

In her sixth winter, nor that finished quite,
The pet and playmate-darling of my eyes.
And yet my grief friend Paetus bids me spare,
And beats his breast like me and tears his hair.
“Art not ashamed to mourn a slave-girl dead?
“Why, I have just interred my wife,” he said,
“Distinguished, stately, and of high degree,
“And wealthy, yet survive.” Did e'er ye see
Such fortitude, my friends, in all your lives?
Two hundred thousand gained, he yet survives.

V. 43.

In ridicule of the custom of wearing false teeth.

Thais for black, Laecania

For snow-white teeth is known.

For why? Laecania's teeth were bought,

While Thais wears her own.

V. 47.

Nunquam se cenasse domi Philo iurat, et hoc est:
Non cenat, quotiens nemo vocavit eum.

V. 74.

Pompeios iuvenes Asia atque Europa, sed ipsum
Terra tegit Libyae, si tamen ulla tegit.
Quid mirum toto si spargitur orbe? iacere
Uno non poterat tanta ruina loco.

V. 47.

A joke on one who boasted of his numerous invitations to dinner.

Philo is courted so at Rome,
He swears he never dines at home.
Yes; if no friend invites him out,
The wretch is forced to go without.

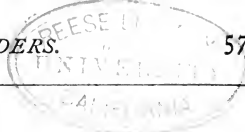
V. 74.

Cneius and Sextus, the two sons of Pompey the Great, were killed, one of them in Spain, and the other at Miletus in Asia; while the father himself was assassinated in Africa at Alexandria.

Europe and Asia each contain
The bones of Pompey's children slain.
For him doth Afric's soil give room,
If Pompey found indeed a tomb.
A ruin of a bulk so vast
Could not within one spot be cast:
What wonder, then, the fragments hurled
Were scattered over all the world?

V. 76.

Profecit poto Mithridates saepe veneno,
Toxica ne possent saeva nocere sibi.
Tu quoque cavisti cenando tam male semper,
Ne posses unquam, Cinna, perire fame.



V. 76.

Mithridates, King of Pontus, was said to have taken poisons by way of precaution, that his constitution might become inured against them. The poet jocosely says that Cinna, in keeping such a poor table, is evidently trying to do something similar.

Drug-proof old Mithridates grew
By frequent poisonous potation.
So with spare diet, Cinna, you
Ensure yourself against starvation.

V. 79.

Undeciens una surrexti, Zoile, cena,

Et mutata tibi est synthesis undeciens,

Sudor inhaereret madida ne veste retentus

Et laxam tenuis laederet aura cutem.

Quare ego non sudo, qui tecum, Zoile, ceno?

Frigus enim magnum synthesis una facit.

V. 79.

Martial ridicules Zoilus for frequently changing his dress during dinner on the pretence of being afraid of catching cold, but really in order to display his extensive wardrobe.

Eleven times, Zoilus, at one sitting,
I've watched you from the table flitting ;
Eleven times over, while you dine,
You shift your suit of mantles fine ;
Lest perspiration, that should cling
Within their folds, a dampness fling,
Which might your open pores expose
To any little draught that blows.
Then, Zoilus, why do I, who sit
Beside you, not perspire a bit?
Because a single suit, I wis,
Has very cooling properties.

VI. 38.

Aspicias, ut parvus, nec adhuc trieteride plena
Regulus auditum laudet et ipse patrem?
Maternosque sinus viso genitore relinquat
Et patrias laudes sentiat esse suas?
Iam clamor centumque viri densumque corona
Volgus et infanti Iulia tecta placent.
Acris equi suboles magno sic pulvere gaudet,
Sic vitulus molli praelia fronte cupit.
Di, servate, precor, matri sua vota patrique,
Audiat ut natum Regulus, illa duos.

VI. 38.

On the little son of Regulus, a famous pleader at Rome.

The little Regulus behold,
Who, not as yet quite three years old,
Listens and joins with boyish fire
Himself to applaud his famous sire.
Soon as that father he perceives,
At once his mother's lap he leaves,
And by his childish pride makes known
He counts *his* praises as his own.
Him, though so young, the Court and sight
Of judges in their robes delight ;
Nor does the dense surrounding crowd
Affright him with their clamours loud.
So does the foal of generous horse
Exulting eye the thronging course ;
The calf, with such a keen delight,
With tender horn attempts the fight.
Hear me, kind Heaven, and be thy care
A father's and a mother's prayer :—
That he may to his son give ear,
That she both son and sire may hear.

VI. 42.

Etrusci nisi thermulis lavaris,
Illotus morieris, Oppiane.
Nullae sic tibi blandientur undae,
Nec fontes Aponi rudes puellis,
Non mollis Sinuessa fervidique
Fluctus Passeris aut superbus Anxur,
Non Phoebi vada principesque Baiae.
Nusquam tam nitidum vacat serenum:
Lux ipsa est ibi longior, diesque
Nullo tardius a loco recedit.
Illic Taygeti virent metalla
Et certant vario decore saxa,
Quae Phryx et Libys altius cecidit;

VI. 42.

The poet praises the elegant baths of Claudius Etruscus. See Introduction, p. ix.

If you have ne'er a visit paid
To those hot baths Etruscus made—
Should, Oppianus, this be so,
Down to the grave unwashed you'll go.
None else such grateful warmth diffuse:
Patavium's, which no ladies use,
Nor balmy Sinuessa's spring,
Or pleasant heat that Passer's bring;
Caere's, or those on Anxur's crest,
Or Baiae's, noted as the best.
So bright the sky, so pure the air,
Even daylight loves to linger there;
And veil of night's o'ershadowing pall
Does nowhere else so gradual fall.
There mines of Taygetus supply
Their green-hued marbles; with them vie
Phrygia's, with rich and varied stains,
And those deep-hewn from Libya's veins.

Siccos pinguis onyx anhelat aestus
Et flamma tenui calent ophitae.
Ritus si placeant tibi Laconum,
Contentus potes arido vapore
Cruda Virgine Marciave mergi;
Quae tam candida, tam serena lucet,
Ut nullas ibi suspiceris undas
Et credas vacuum nitere lygdon.
Non attendis, et aure me supina
Iam dudum quasi negligenter audis.
Illotus morieris, Oppiane.

To sweat you, ere you try the springs,
Hot air the lucid onyx flings ;
While marbles streaked like serpent's hide
For you a milder warmth provide.
Or, if a Spartan taste you own,
Content with heated air alone,
In bath as pure you then can lave
As Marcia's or the Virgin wave.
It shines so clear and spotless fair,
You'd think no water could be there ;
But say the Lygdian marble bright
Was standing empty in your sight.
But all this while you will not hear,
And listen with a careless ear.
Since, Oppianus, this is so,
Down to the grave unwashed you'll go.

VI. 51.

Quod convivaris sine me tam saepe, Luperce,
Inveni, noceam qua ratione tibi.

Irascor, licet usque voces mittasque rogesque.

“Quid facies?” inquis. Quid faciam? veniam.

✓ VI. 51.

To an inhospitable friend of the poet's. The man was so stingy that Martial knew he would rather have his invitation refused.

Lupercus, you're so mean a sinner,
You never ask your friend to dinner.
To serve you out I know the way.
Hereafter you may beg and pray,
And, to appease my indignation,
Send fifty times an invitation:
You'll see my wrath how hot I've kept it.
What will I do, you ask?—Accept it.

VI. 52.

Hoc iacet in tumulo raptus puerilibus annis
Pantagathus, domini cura dolorque sui,
Vix tangente vagos ferro resecare capillos
Doctus et hirsutas excoluisse genas.
Sis licet, ut debes, tellus, placata levisque,
Artificis levior non potes esse manu.

VI. 57.

Mentiris fictos unguento, Phoebe, capillos
Et tegitur pictis sordida calva comis.
Tonsorem capiti non est adhibere necesse:
Radere te melius spongia, Phoebe, potest.

VI. 52.

On the death of Pantagathus, a young and clever barber, and probably a slave of the poet's.

Here lies, cut off in youthful bloom,
Pantagathus in saddest tomb.
He knew each straggling hair to clip,
And trim the shaggy chin or lip ;
And with such skill his scissors sped,
You'd think he scarcely touched your head.
However lightly, as 'tis just,
Thou, earth, may'st lie above his dust,
I ween thou canst not lighter be
Than with those nimble hands was he.

VI. 57.

On one who painted hair on his bald scalp with black ointment. See Introduction, p. xiii..

Your head with unguents you besmear,
And counterfeited locks appear.
And, Phoebus, with this painted hair
You cover all the part that's bare.
No need of scissors for this head ;
A sponge will shave it clean instead.

VI. 61.

Laudat, amat, cantat nostros mea Roma libellos,
Meque sinus omnis, me manus omnis habet.
Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.
Hoc volo : nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.

VI. 61.

Martial says he can judge better of the merit of his satire by its stinging effects rather than from the praises it receives.

Quite friendly, Rome applauds my lay;
Dotes on it, quotes it day by day.
My verses every pocket fill,
And every hand bethumbs me still.
See, yonder man turns red and white,
Winces, and yawns disgusted quite.
This I enjoy; by this I tell
That now my verses please me well.

VI. 65.

“Hexametris epigramma facis” scio dicere Tuccam.

Tucca, solet fieri, denique, Tucca, licet.

“Sed tamen hoc longum est.” Solet hoc quoque, Tucca,
licetque :

Si breviora probas, disticha sola legas.

Conveniat nobis, ut fas epigrammata longa

Sit transire tibi, scribere, Tucca, mihi.

VI. 65.

The poet satirizes Tucca's want of taste, who objected to long epigrams, and to their being written in the hexameter metre.

"This poet in hexameters his epigrams composes."

Why, Tucca, this is often done; besides, what law opposes?

"But this one, see, what length is here!" This, sir, is often done too:

If you prefer them shorter, there are distiches to run to.

Let's come to an agreement straight (for I decline to clip them),

That I may write long epigrams, and, Tucca, you may skip them.

VI. 80.

Ut nova dona tibi, Caesar, Nilotica tellus
Miserat hibernas ambitiosa rosas,
Navita derisit Pharios Memphiticus hortos,
Urbis ut intravit limina prima tuae.
Tantus veris honos et odoraе gratia Florae,
Tantaque Paestani gloria ruris erat.
Sic quacunq; vagus gressumq; oculosq; ferebat,
Tonsilibus sertis omne rubebat iter.
At tu Romanae iussus iam cedere brumae,
Mitte tuas messes, accipe, Nile, rosas.

VI. 80.

On the artificial growth of roses at Rome, thus rendering their importation from Egypt in winter no longer necessary.

Caesar, to thee the land of Nile had sent
Her winter roses with officious care,
Thinking to give thee something new and rare.
But when to Rome the Pharian sailor went,
Soon as he passed within her walls' extent,
Forthwith he scorned his Memphian gardens fair;
Such splendour as of Paestum's fields was there,
Such vernal beauty, and such balmy scent.
Where'er around his roaming footsteps stray,
And wheresoe'er his wondering glances bend,
With rose-twined garlands every street was gay.
Then, Egypt, since no more thou canst pretend
To match our Roman winters, hither send
Thy corn; the gift our roses shall repay.

VII. 3.

Cur non mitto meos tibi, Pontiliane, libellos?

Ne mihi tu mittas, Pontiliane, tuos.

VII. 20.

Nihil est miserius neque gulosius Santra.
Rectam vocatus cum cucurrit ad cenam,
Quam tot diebus noctibusque captavit,
Ter poscit apri glandulas, quater lumbum,
Et utramque coxam leporis et duos armos,
Nec erubescit peierare de turdo
Et ostreorum rapere lividos cirros.
Dulcis placenta sordidam linit mappam

VII. 3.

✓ To a would-be fellow poet.

Why, sir, I don't my verses send you,
Pray, would you have the reason known?
The reason is—for fear, my friend, you
Should send me, in return, your own.

✓ VII. 20.

On Santra, whose avarice was even greater than his gluttony.

At once so greedy and so mean
As Santra nothing e'er was seen.
When he—the fruit of ceaseless pains—
At length an invitation gains
To a grand dinner, off he goes.
Once there, no modesty he knows.
Twice helped to titbits from the boar,
He'll send his plate again for more.
Next four times he'll demand a share
Of breast; for both the legs of hare
And both the wings he'll ask, nor blush
To swear they didn't hand him thrush.
Then, snatching from his neighbour's plate
Pale oysters' beards that others hate,
He tucks his greasy napkin o'er,
And adds a sweet cake to the store.

Illic et uvae collocantur ollares,
Et Punicorum pauca grana malorum,
Et excavatae pellis indecens volvae,
Et lippa ficus debilisque boletus.
Sed mappa cum iam mille rumpitur furtis,
Rosos tepenti spondylos sinu condit
Et devorato capite turturem truncum.
Colligere longa turpe nec putat dextra
Analecta quidquid et canes reliquerunt.
Nec esculenta sufficit gulae praeda,
Mixto lagonam replet ad pedes vino.
Haec per ducentas cum domum tulit scalas
Seque obserata clusit anxius cella
Gulosus ille, postero die vendit.

Of potted grapes it holds a few,
A handful of pomegranates too,
And paunch of sow, all stuffed and drest,
Lies all unsightly mid the rest :
A fig half-eaten from the plate,
And mushrooms in a pulpy state.
His napkin now, wherein dispersed
Lie countless thefts, is like to burst :
So in his sweaty gown he'll hide
Some nibbled marrow-bones beside.
O'er a wood-pigeon next 'tis spread ;
But first, for show, he eats the head.
Nor thinks it shame to aid his store
With scattered fragments from the floor ;
And gathers, straining to the ground,
What's left by sweeper and by hound.
Nor, such a greedy maw to stuff,
Are pilfered eatables enough :
For at his feet a flagon lies,
Which he with tempered wine supplies.
All these when home, oppressed with cares,
He'd carried up six flights of stairs,
And shut himself within his hold,
On the next day our glutton—sold.

VII. 48.

Cum mensas habeat fere trecentas,
Pro mensis habet Annius ministros:
Transcurrunt gabatae volantque lances.
Has vobis epulas habete, lauti:
Nos offendimur ambulante cena.

VII. 48.

On a stingy host, who, to save his provisions, instead of putting them on the table, had them carried round by his servants so expeditiously that his guests got but little to eat. See Introduction, p. xii.

For tables by the score renowned,
Mean Annius sends his servants round.
One course is on another pressed,
And dishes flit from guest to guest.
Such feasts to men of fashion deal;
We plain men hate a walking meal.

VII. 54.

Semper mane mihi de me tua somnia narras,
Quae moveant animum sollicitentque meum.
Iam prior ad faecem, sed et haec vindemia venit,
Exorat noctes dum mihi saga tuas.
Consumpsi salsasque molas et turis acervos,
Decrevere greges, dum cadit agna frequens;
Non porcus, non chortis aves, non ova supersunt.
Aut vigila aut dormi, Nasidiene, tibi.

VII. 54.

The poet under his own name satirizes Roman superstition.

Each morn, to cause me fear and doubt,
You say 'tis I you've dreamed about.
Now last year's wines have reached their dregs,
While yonder witch my safety begs ;
With this year's too 'tis just as bad,
To exorcise those dreams you've had.
Oft have I salt-cake offerings sent,
And frankincense in heaps I've spent ;
My flock of sheep alas ! grows small,
While frequent lambs as victims fall.
My pigs, my fowls, my eggs run out.
Either, my friend, take care to keep
Awake, or, if you needs must sleep,
Mind 'tis yourself you dream about.

VII. 61.

Abstulerat totam temerarius institor urbem
Inque suo nullum limine limen erat.
Iussisti tenues, Germanice, crescere vicos,
Et modo quae fuerat semita, facta via est.
Nulla catenatis pila est praecincta lagonis,
Nec praetor medio cogitur ire luto ;
Stringitur in densa nec caeca novacula turba,
Occupat aut totas nigra popina vias.
Tonsor, copo, cocus, lanus sua limina servant.
Nunc Roma est, nuper magna taberna fuit.

VII. 61.

It appears that the Roman tradesmen had been accustomed to erect booths in front of their shops for the sale of their wares. Domitian is praised by Martial for putting a stop to this nuisance.

So bold had every huckster grown,
All Rome they'd taken as their own.
And even the threshold of their door
For them a limit was no more.
Germanicus, it was thy charge
To bid our narrowed streets enlarge ;
And where a footpath erst had been,
A spacious road once more was seen.
No tavern-post is now o'erhung
With flagons by their chains upstrung ;
Nor does the praetor now require
Mid-street to walk through mud and mire.
Nor careless roves the razor there,
Unsheathed in crowded thoroughfare ;
Nor cookshops, black with smoky heat,
Line all the road and block the street.
Within the bounds they late forsook
Keep barber, vintner, butcher, cook ;
And what was one huge shop before
Is now become our Rome once more.

VII. 96.

Conditus hic ego sum Bassi dolor, Urbicus infans,
Cui genus et nomen maxima Roma dedit.
Sex mihi de prima deerant trieteride menses,
Ruperunt tetricae cum mala pensa deae.
Quid species, quid lingua mihi, quid profuit aetas?
Da lacrimas tumulo, qui legis ista, meo.
Sic ad Lethaeas, nisi Nestore serius, undas
Non eat, optabis quem superesse tibi.

VII. 96.

On the death of Bassus's infant child, Urbicus. The three Sister-Fates were goddesses who presided over the lives and destinies of men. So in Milton's *Lycidas*,

“ Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.”

For me, the little Urbicus, has earth

Beneath this marble stone provided room.

Rome's mighty city gave me name and birth,

And Bassus weeps above his infant's tomb.

My first three years of youthful life to fill,

Six little months there yet remained to run,

What time the Sisters, with relentless will,

Snapt the thin thread with which my days were spun.

Ah, what availed me then my childish grace,

My merry prattling tongue, and infant years?

Who read'st these lines that mark my resting-place,

Give to my grave the tribute of thy tears.

So may not he, whom thou would'st keep alive

To hand thy lineage down among mankind,

Pass to cold Lethe's stream, but still survive,

Till even old Nestor's years are left behind.



VII. 98.

Omnia, Castor, emis : sic fiet, ut omnia vendas.

VIII. 10.

Emit lacernas milibus decem Bassus

Tyrias coloris optimi. Lucrifecit.

“Adeo bene emit?” inquis. Immo non solvet.

VIII. 12.

Uxorem quare locupletem ducere nolim,

Quaeritis? Uxori nubere nolo meae.

Inferior matrona suo sit, Prisce, marito :

Non aliter fiunt femina virque pares.

VII. 98.

On a spendthrift.

Now everything does Castor buy ; to tell
The end were easy ; everything he'll sell.

VIII. 10.

On one who neglected to pay his bills.

Bassus purchased a cloak of the best Tyrian dye
For eighty odd pounds, yet he gained, sir, thereby.
Has he made such an excellent bargain, you say ?
No ; the money it cost him he never will pay.

VIII. 12.

Martial says that a husband and wife are only then on equal terms, when the wife is inferior to the husband.

Do you ask why I'd rather not wed a rich wife ?
Of petticoat government, 'sooth, I'm afraid.
The bride should be somewhat the lower in life :
Nor else can a match that is *equal* be made.

VIII. 13.

Morio dictus erat : viginti milibus emi.

Redde mihi nummos, Gargiliane : sapit.

VIII. 43.

Effert uxores Fabius, Chrestilla maritos,

Funereamque toris quassat uterque facem.

Victores committe, Venus ; quos iste manebit

Exitus, una duos ut Libitina ferat.

VIII. 13.

A satire on the taste for deformed idiots at Rome, who were kept by the wealthy to afford amusement by their stupidity, and often fetched high prices.

Yon boy, a genuine idiot sworn,
Full eightscore pounds I paid to gain.
But this, Gargilian, can't be borne ;
Come, pay me back ; the rogue is sane.

VIII. 43.

The poet hopes that the two poisoners, Fabius and Chrestilla, may marry and poison each other. Compare IV. 24, p. 39.

Fabius has buried all his wives ;
Short are Chrestilla's husbands' lives.
And 'tis a *funeral* torch this pair
Do, at their nuptials, wave in air.
These conquerors, Venus, sure 'twere fit
Against each other now to pit :
So shall such end await the two,
That for them both one bier may do.

VIII. 51.

Quis labor in phiala? docti Myos, ane Myronos?

Mentoris haec manus est, an, Polyclite, tua?

Livescit nulla caligine fusca, nec odit

Exploratoris nubila massa focus.

Vera minus flavo radiant electra metallo,

Et niveum felix pustula vincit ebur.

Materiae non cedit opus: sic alligat orbem,

Plurima cum tota lampade luna nitet.

Stat caper Aeolio Thebani vellere Phrivi

Cultus: ab hoc mallet vecta fuisse soror.

Hunc nec Cinyphius tonsor violaverit, et tu

Ipsae tuae pasci vite, Lyaeae, velis.

Terga premit pecudis geminis Amor aureus alis:

Palladius tenero lotos ab ore sonat.

Sic Methymnaeo gavisus Arione delphin

Languida non tacitum per freta vexit onus.

VIII. 51.

On a libation-vessel (a round flat dish or bowl originally employed in sacrificing to the gods), which had been presented to the poet by Instantius Rufus. The epigram is valuable as illustrating ancient art. For the Roman method of drinking healths, see Introduction, p. xii.

This bowl did Myron fashion, or Mys's art divine?

Or is it Mentor's handiwork, or, Polyclitus, thine?

No dim discolouring stain did e'er its lustrous hue deface,
Nor doth it fear the crucible, like metal dull and base.

Here than the pure electrum more yellow-bright 'tis seen,
There, frosted-rich, 'tis comelier far than ivory's snow-white
sheen.

Nor less the skill that shaped its ore: the moon, what time
her light

Shines full, encloses not an orb more perfect or more bright.
Within, a ram, with such a fleece as Phrixus once possessed,
Stands graved so fair, his sister had on this preferred to rest.
Cinyphian shearers had not dared to touch a fleece so fine,
And, Bacchus, with thy leave this ram had pastured on thy
vine.

Cupid upon his back astride, with golden wings arrayed,
Holds to his infant lips the pipe that Pallas erst essayed.
Even so Arion Lesbian-sprung upon the dolphin rode,
That o'er the sleeping ocean bore with joy its tuneful load.

Imbuat egregium digno mihi nectare munus

Non grege de domini, sed tua, Ceste, manus.

Ceste, decus mensae, misce Setina : videtur

Ipsè puer nobis, ipse sitire caper.

Det numerum cyathis Instanti littera Rufi :

Auctor enim tanti muneris ille mihi.

Si Telethusa venit promissaque gaudia portat,

Servabor dominae, Rufe, triente tuo ;

Si dubia est, septunce trahar ; si fallit amantem,

Ut iugulem curas, nomen utrumque bibam.

Cestus, no boor shall handsel this goodly gift of mine:
The purest nectar be the draught, the hand that pours it thine.
Come, mix the juice of Setia's vines, fair youth ; for, as I deem,
The boyish Love doth seem athirst, the ram athirst doth seem.
My cups to number, let me take Instantius Rufus' name ;
For from his bounteous hand to me this noble present
came.

If Telethusa keeps her tryst, with pleasures in her train,
Since she will claim me, I will then four cups to Rufus drain.
If she should linger, seven I'll drink ; and if she fool me quite,
Twelve cups to either name I'll quaff, and strangle care
outright.

VIII. 71.

Quattuor argenti libras mihi tempore brumae

Misisti ante annos, Postumiane, decem..

Speranti plures—nam stare aut crescere debent

Munera—venerunt plusve minusve duae.

Tertius et quartus multo inferiora tulerunt.

Libra fuit quinto Septiciana quidem.

Bessalem ad scutulam sexto pervenimus anno;

Post hunc in cotula rasa selibra data est.

Octavus ligulam misit sextante minorem;

Nonus acu levius vix cochleare tulit.

Quod mittat nobis decimus iam non habet annus:

Quattuor ad libras, Postumiane, redi.

VIII. 71.

Martial complains that Postumianus's gifts to him at the Saturnalia (something like our Christmas boxes) had decreased year by year. He had gone "from a pound to a pin" as Speed says in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Four pounds of silver at the least,
A present at the winter feast,
Postumianus, well I know,
You sent me just ten years ago.
The next year, as I hoped for more
(For gifts than those that went before
Should larger be, or else the same),
About two pounds was all that came.
The third year and the fourth, more ill,
Brought with them cheaper presents still.
And on the fifth, 'tis sad to state,
One pound was given, and that short weight.
An eight-ounce dish the sixth brought round,
A cup the next, a bare half-pound.
The eighth year sent, my board to bless,
A spoon that weighed two ounces less.
Next year an egg-spoon was my fate,
And lighter than a bodkin's weight.
What now, with the tenth year in view,
Postumianus, will you do?
You cannot give me less, 'tis plain.
Return to those four pounds again.

IX. 11.

Nomen cum violis rosisque natum,
Quo pars optima nominatur anni,
Hyblam quod sapit Atticosque flores,
Quod nidos olet alitis superbae;
Nomen nectare dulcius beato,
Quo mallet Cybeles puer vocari
Et qui pocula temperat Tonanti:
Quod si Parrhasia sones in aula,
Respondent Veneres Cupidinesque;
Nomen nobile, molle, delicatum
Versu dicere non rudi volebam:
Sed tu syllaba contumax repugnas.
Dicunt Eiarinon tamen poetae,
Sed Graeci, quibus est nihil negatum
Et quos Ἄρες Ἄρες decet sonare.
Nobis non licet esse tam disertis,
Qui Musas colimus severiores.

IX. II.

On the name of a handsome youth, a favourite of Domitian's, called *Earinos*, i. e. "Vernal." The Greek poets adapted it to metre by turning it into *Eiarinos*, a license, says Martial, that the Latin language will not admit. He says the name is sweet as the honey of Mt. Hybla and the nest of the phoenix, and is prettier than that of Atys or Ganymede. *Āres Āres* is the commencement of a line in Homer's *Iliad* (v. 31), where the same word has two different accents.

Name that art born with violets and roses,
 By which the year's best season is addressed,
 Savouring of Hybla's sweets and Attic posies,
 And fragrant of the bird of beauty's nest ;
 Than heaven's own nectar name more sweet to me,
 The son of Cybele this title bland
 Had to his own preferred, nor less had he
 Who tempers goblets for the Thunderer's hand.

Name that, once uttered in the Imperial hall,
 Each Venus and each Cupid would rehearse,
 So stately and so tender-soft withal,
 I fain would hymn thee in a polished verse.

But with one syllable's unrhythmic ring
 Unkindly thou refusest to be won.

Eiarinos, 'tis true, some poets sing,
 But what by Grecian bards may not be done ?

**Apes* **Apes* is sounded in your ear,
 In their ingenious strains, without offence.
 We cultivate a muse that's more severe,
 And may not venture on such eloquence.

IX. 17.

Latonae venerande nepos, qui mitibus herbis
Parcarum exoras pensa brevesque colos,
Hos tibi laudatos domino, rata vota, capillos
Ille tuus Latia misit ab urbe puer;
Addidit et nitidum sacratis crinibus orbem,
Quo felix facies iudice tuta fuit.
Tu iuvenale decus serva, ne pulchrior ille
In longa fuerit quam brevior coma.

IX. 17.

On the same *Earinos*, who had sent his hair and mirror as an offering at the shrine of Aesculapius, at Pergamos in Asia Minor, the young man's birth-place. Aesculapius, the god of medicine, was the son of Apollo, who was the son of Latona.

Latona's grandson dread, whose simples mild
Arrest the weaving Sisters' shuttle swift,
To thee, his lord, from Rome thy famous child
His beauteous locks hath sent, a votive gift.
With them bestowed his mirror bright was borne,
That faithful witness to his features fair.
Guard thou his youthful grace, that he with shorn,
Be found as comely as with flowing hair.

IX. 30.

Cappadocum saevis Antistius occidit oris

Rusticus. O tristi crimine terra nocens!

Rettulit ossa sinu cari Nigrina mariti

Et questa est longas non satis esse vias ;

Cumque daret sanctam tumulis, quibus invidet, urnam,

Visa sibi est raptō bis viduata viro.

IX. 30.

On the affection of Nigrina for her deceased husband Antistius Rusticus.

In Cappadocia's ruthless clime he fell,
Antistius Rusticus. How sad the doom
Which in that guilty land her spouse befell!
For lo! Nigrina gives her bosom's room,
And, bearing thus his well-loved relics home,
Alas! thought she, too short the journey seems.
And when she does his holy urn accord
To earth she envied, then herself she deems
To be twice widowed of her murdered lord.

IX. 60.

Seu tu Paestanis genita es seu Tiburis arvis,
Seu rubuit tellus Tuscula flore tuo;
Seu Praenestino te vilica legit in horto,
Seu modo Campani gloria ruris eras:
Pulchrior ut nostro videre corona Sabino,
De Nomentano te putet esse meo.

IX. 60.

On a wreath of roses, sent by the poet to his friend Sabinus.

Wreath, whether sprung from Paestum or the fields
Of Tibur, whether land of Tusculum
Glowed with thy flowers, or thee Praeneste yields,
Fresh from the hand of village-maiden come.
Or whether of Campania's rich domain
Thou grew'st the pride; that thou may'st seem more fair
To my beloved Sabinus, I would fain
He'd say: "This did my friend's Nomentane garden bear."

IX. 61.

In Tartessiacis domus est notissima terris,
Qua dives placidum Corduba Baetin amat,
Vellera nativo pallent ubi flava metallo
Et linit Hesperium bractea viva pecus;
Aedibus in mediis totos amplexa penates
Stat platanus densis Caesariana comis,
Hospitis invicti posuit quam dextera felix,
Coepit et ex illa crescere virga manu.
Auctorem dominumque suum sentire videtur:
Sic viret et ramis sidera celsa petit.
Saepe sub hac madidi luserunt arbore Fauni
Terruit et tacitam fistula sera domum;

IX. 61.

On a plane-tree that had been planted by Domitian in the garden of the inner court of a mansion at Cordova. Drinking parties were often held in these court gardens. The third and fourth lines allude to the famous Ram with the Golden Fleece.

In fertile land of Tartessus a famous house is known,
Where Cordova delights to call soft Baetis' stream her own;
Where yellow fleeces, as of yore, glow pale with natural gold,
And living metal clothes the flocks of an Hesperian fold.
There in the court, o'ershadowing the household gods around,
Stands Caesar's plane-tree with a thick and tress-like foliage
crowned.

A gallant guest, he planted it with his auspicious hand,
And straight the twig began to bud and sudden shoots expand.
It seems to know what lordly power its earliest life has given,
So green and fair it reaches still up to the stars of heaven.
Beneath this tree the Fauns have played full oft with tipsy
cheer,
And smit with sound of midnight flute the silent house with
fear:

Dumque fugit solos nocturnum Pana per agros,
Saepe sub hac latuit rustica fronde Dryas.
Atque oluere lares commissatore Lyaeo,
Crevit et effuso laetior umbra mero;
Hesternisque rubens deiecta est herba coronis,
Atque suas potuit dicere nemo rosas.
O dilecta deis, o magni Caesaris arbor,
Ne metuas ferrum sacrilegosque focos.
Perpetuos sperare licet tibi frondis honores:
Non Pompeianae te posuere manus.

And fleeing from night-haunting Pan o'er all the lonely ground,
Beneath its leaves a hiding-place the Dryad nymph has found.
Here Bacchus too his revels held, till fragrance filled the halls ;
And blither grew the shady boughs, as each libation falls :
And, underneath, the roses lay in gay confusion strown,
Plucked from the wreaths of yesterday, till no one knew his own.
O ever by the gods beloved, O mighty Caesar's tree,
The doom of impious axe or flame need ne'er be feared by thee.
But thou unfading still may'st hope thy leafy crown to wear,
For 'twas not vanquished Pompey's hand but Caesar's placed
thee there.

IX. 68.

Quid tibi nobiscum est, ludi scelerate magister,
Invisum pueris virginibusque caput?
Nondum cristati rupere silentia galli:
Murmure iam saevo verberibusque tonas.
Tam grave percussis incudibus aera resultant,
Causidico medium cum faber aptat equum:
Mitior in magno clamor furit amphitheatro,
Vincenti parmae cum sua turba favet.
Vicini somnum non tota nocte rogamus:
Nam vigilare leve est, pervigilare grave est.
Discipulos dimitte tuos. Vis, garrule, quantum
Accipis ut clames, accipere ut taceas?

IX. 68.

The poet complains of a noisy schoolmaster who kept him awake. The instruction in the Roman schools began very early in the morning.

Sirrah, what mean you by this noise,
You bane alike of girls and boys?
Even ere cock-crow you can't restrain
Your thundering voice and sounding cane.
Not braziers weld with so much force
A lawyer's statue to its horse;
Not such a din the circus hears,
When loud the mob its champion cheers.
We neighbours ask not all the night
To sleep in peace till morning light;
But all night long awake to share
Your noise is more than flesh can bear.
Dismiss your pupils. Since you're paid
For carrying on this shouting trade,
Do you expect, you man of lung,
To get as much to hold your tongue?

IX. 93.

Addere quid cessas, puer, immortale Falernum?
 Quadrantem duplica de seniore cado.
Nunc mihi dic, quis erit, cui te, Calocisse, deorum
 Sex iubeo cyathos fundere? Caesar erit.
Sutilis aptetur deciens rosa crinibus, ut sit
 Qui posuit sacrae nobile gentis opus.
Nunc bis quina mihi da basia, fiat ut illud
 Nomen, ab Odrysio quod deus orbe tulit.

IX. 93.

On drinking to the health of Domitian. See Introduction, p. xiii.

Nay, Calocissus, why refrain
To pour the ambrosial draught again?
Three times again and three times still
My cup with old Falernian fill.
Now tell me, to what form divine
Six times I bid thee pour the wine?
See, 'tis our Caesar's name. And now
Ten times let roses wreath my brow;
And so we make his title plain,
Who hallowed erst the Flavian fane.
Now, prythee, twice five kisses give,
That ever thus that name may live—
The name our godlike hero bore
A victor from the Odrysian shore.

IX. 98.

Vindemiarum non ubique proventus
Cessavit, Ovidi ; pluvia profuit grandis.
Centum Coranus amphoras aquae fecit.

X. 8.

Nubere Paula cupit nobis, ego ducere Paulam
Nolo : anus est ; vellem, si magis esset anus.

IX. 98.

Martial says that the wet season has not been altogether bad for the wine trade, as it has enabled the vintners to adulterate more freely.

Not everywhere has the grape-crop been a failure,
 Friend Ovid; the rain has been good for the trade,
 Of which we've had plenty. Coranus, for sale here,
 A hundred odd gallons of—water has made.

X. 8.

The poet says he should be willing to marry Paula, if she might be expected to die soon and leave him master of her property. Compare Ep. 1. 10, p. 3.

Paula to wed me is inclined :

I give her the cold shoulder.

For why? She's old. I would not mind,

If only she were older.

X. 30.

O temperatae dulce Formiae litus,
Vos, cum severi fugit oppidum Martis
Et inquietas fessus exiit curas,
Apollinaris omnibus locis praefert.
Non ille sanctae dulce Tibur uxoris,
Nec Tusculanos Algidosve secessus,
Praeneste nec sic Antiumque miratur.
Non blanda Circe Dardanisve Caieta
Desiderantur, nec Marica nec Liris,
Nec in Lucrina lota Salmacis vena.
Hic summa leni stringitur Thetis vento;
Nec languet aequor, viva sed quies ponti
Pictam phaselon adiuvante fert aura,

X. 30.

A description of the villa of his friend Apollinaris at Formiae, a watering-place on the west coast of Italy. *Salmacis* was a spring that fell into the Lucrine Lake.

When from the anxious cares and strife
That vex our Roman city life
Apollinaris fain would fly,
He, seeking then thy temperate sky,
No other spot prefers to thee,
Thou pleasant shore of Formiae.
Not so famed Tibur's charming ease,
His virtuous consort's home, can please ;
Not Tusculum's sequestered groves
Nor Algidum's so much he loves :
Not Antium's or Praeneste's air,
Nor witching Circe's headland fair ;
Dardan Caieta, nor the flood
Of Liris, nor Marica's wood,
Nor watery Salmacis, who laves
Her maiden limbs in Lucrine waves.
Here sea-born Thetis does not sleep
Unmoved, but breezes stir the deep,
Which on its peaceful ripples bears
Gay skiffs with aid of gentle airs,

Sicut puellae non amantis aestatem
Mota salubre purpura venit frigus.
Nec seta longo quaerit in mari praedam,
Sed e cubiculo lectuloque iactatam
Spectatus alte lineam trahit piscis.
Si quando Nereus sentit Aeoli regnum,
Ridet procellas tuta de suo mensa.
Piscina rhombum pascit et lupos vernas,
Natat ad magistrum delicata muraena;
Nomenclator mugilem citat notum
Et adesse iussi prodeunt senes nulli.
Frui sed istis quando, Roma, permittis?
Quot Formianos imputat dies annus
Negotiosis rebus urbis haerenti?
O ianitores vilicique felices!
Dominis parantur ista, serviunt vobis.

As fresh and cool as those diffused
From purple fans by ladies used.
Nor need the angler seek his prey
Far out at sea, but here he may
His line from couch or sofa throw
To fish spied in the depths below.
Or should the ocean-god obey
Old Aeolus' tempestuous sway,
Your table, from its stores supplied,
Laughs at the stormy billows' pride.
For in the well-stocked tank are fed
Turbot and pike your care has bred:
Choice lampreys there towards you swim;
Tame mullets to the water's brim
And well-grown barbels make their way,
Their keeper's summons to obey.
But when does Rome to us permit
For these delights her walls to quit?
How many days does each year see
Spent free from care at Formiae?
How than their masters luckier far
Our bailiffs and our porters are!
Tied fast to city life's annoy,
We pay for pleasures they enjoy.

X. 35.

Omnes Sulpiciam legant puellae,
Uni quae cupiunt viro placere ;
Omnes Sulpiciam legant mariti,
Uni qui cupiunt placere nuptae.
Non haec Colchidos asserit furorem,
Diri prandia nec refert Thyestae ;
Scyllam, Byblida nec fuisse credit,
Sed castos docet et pios amores,
Lusus, delicias facetiasque.
Cuius carmina qui bene aestimarit,
Nullam dixerit esse sanctiorem,
Nullam dixerit esse nequiores.
Tales Egeriae iocos fuisse
Udo crediderim Numae sub antro.
Hac condiscipula vel hac magistra
Esses doctior et pudica, Sappho :
Sed tecum pariter simulque visam
Durus Sulpiciam Phaon amat.
Frustra : namque ea nec Tonantis uxor,
Nec Bacchi, nec Apollinis puella
Erepto sibi viveret Caleno.



X. 35.

In praise of the poetess Sulpicia, and her love for her husband Calenus.

By all our wives Sulpicia's read and known,
Who wish to win their husbands' love alone.
By all our husbands is Sulpicia read,
Who only wish to please the wives they've wed.
Medea's rage she loves not to record,
Or the fell banquet of Thyestes' board;
And as for Scylla, Byblis, and the rest,
Believes they're nothing more than myths at best.
Affection chaste and true her notes employs,
And lovers' sprightly talk and frolic joys.
Who reads her book and rightly values it,
Would say she won the palm alike for wit
And modesty. Old Numa thus, I wot,
Toyed with Egeria 'neath their dripping grot.
Sappho, with her as school-fellow or guide,
More learned had you been and chaste beside:
But had hard-hearted Phaon seen the two,
Sulpicia had been loved instead of you.
But loved in vain: for not as wife of Jove,
Or Bacchus' or Apollo's bridal love,
Would she have lived, if once the Fates should part
Her dear Calenus from her widowed heart.

X. 47.

Vitam quae faciant beatiorem,
Iucundissime Martialis, haec sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relictā ;
Non ingratus ager, focus perennis ;¹
Lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta ;
Vires ingenuae, salubre corpus ;
Prudens simplicitas, pares amici ;
Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa ;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis ;
Non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus ;
Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras :
Quod sis, esse velis nihilque malis ;
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

X. 47.

To a friend, Julius Martialis, telling him in what a happy life consists. The gown, or toga (like our tall hat), was worn by the Romans in the city and on state occasions, and thrown off in the country.

These, Martial, are the things that give
A happier life than most men live.
A fortune not by labour won,
But left by father to his son ;
A farm that yields no scant returns,
A hearth that ever brightly burns ;
No law-suits, no heart-vexing cares ;
A gown its owner seldom wears ;
A constitution firmly knit,
And healthy frame accompanying it ;
An honest candour, yet discreet,
With friends congenial and meet ;
Good-natured guests your joys to share,
A plain and unpretentious fare ;
No nights whose hours in revel pass,
Yet not uncheered by social glass ;
A spouse of chaste yet merry sort ;
Sound sleep that makes the darkness short ;
A mind so well contented grown,
It thinks no lot excels its own ;
So blest, you neither wish nor fear
To see the closing hour draw near.

X. 61.

Hic festinata requiescit Erotion umbra,
Crimine quam fati sexta peremit hiemps.
Quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,
Manibus exiguis annua iusta dato.
Sic lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite solus
Flebilis in terra sit lapis iste tua.

X. 61.

An epitaph on the little Erotion on whom Epp. v. 36, 37 were written. The poet commends her tomb to the care of his successors. At certain festivals, offerings of garlands, essences, &c. were placed on the grave, as tokens of pious affection.

Here lies Erotion in the shade
Of foliage planted newly.
In her sixth winter did she fade,
Cut off by fate unduly.
Thou, whosoe'er thou be, to whom
Ere long these fields I render,
The annual offerings at her tomb
Discharge; they are but slender.
So, son succeeding sire, from thee
No victims death shall borrow:
But on thy land this stone shall be
The only mark of sorrow.

X. 71.

Quisquis laeta tuis et sera parentibus optas
Fata, brevem titulum marmoris huius ama.
Condidit hac caras tellure Rabirius umbras:
Nulli sorte iacent candidiore senes.
Bis sex lustra tori nox mitis et ultima clusit,
Arserunt uno funera bina rogo.
Hos tamen ut primis raptos sibi quaerit in annis.
Improbis nihil his fletibus esse potest.

X. 71.

An epitaph on the parents of Domitian's architect, Rabirius.

Thou who for parents of thine own would'st prize

A death so happy and so long delayed,

Gaze on this marble's verse with loving eyes :

For here Rabirius in the earth has laid

His own, departed. Is there aged pair

Can boast a lot that may with theirs compare?

One night, at last, by death unmixed with pain,

Closed the full sum of sixty nuptial years ;

And, dead, one funeral pile received the twain.

Yet he complains with fond regretful tears,

As though he mourned them snatched in youthful bloom.

Enough ; 'tis wrong to weep o'er such a tomb.

X. 72.

Frustra Blanditiae venitis ad me
Attritis miserabiles labellis.
Dicturus dominum deumque non sum.
Iam non est locus hac in urbe vobis;
Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos
Et turpes humilesque supplicesque
Pictorum sola basiate regum.
Non est hic dominus, sed imperator,
Sed iustissimus omnium senator,
Per quem de Stygia domo reducta est
Siccis rustica Veritas capillis.
Hoc sub principe, si sapis, caveto,
Verbis, Roma, prioribus loquaris.

✓ X. 72.

The old language of adulation paid to the Emperor Domitian will not, says the poet, meet with the approval of his successor Nerva. Compliments are personified, and represented as seeking admission to their old haunts.

In vain now, Compliments, ye come
With worn floor-kissing lips; adieu.
Of *god* and *master* I am dumb,
There's no more room in town for you.

Hence to the Parthian's turbaned court,
And low your suppliant bodies fling;
Kneel there, and, so servilely taught,
Go, kiss the sole of gay-robed king.

No *master's* here, but soldier-chief,
And perfect statesman just and fair;
Who brings from Stygian realm of grief
Truth, rustic maid, with unkempt hair.

If you have wisdom for your day,
Beware you utter, Rome, no more,
Beneath this prince's manly sway,
Those flattering words you used before.

X. 97.

Dum levis arsura struitur Libitina papyro,
Dum myrrham et casiam flebilis uxor emit,
Iam scrobe, iam lecto, iam pollinctore parato
Heredem scripsit me Numa: convaluit.

XI. 41.

Indulget pecori nimium dum pastor Amyntas
Et gaudet fama luxuriaque gregis,
Cedentes oneri ramos silvamque fluentem
Vicit, concussas ipse secutus opes.
Triste nemus dirae vetuit superesse ruinae
Damnavitque rogis noxia ligna pater.
Pingues, Lygde, sues habeat vicinus Iollas:
Te satis est nobis annumerare pecus.

X. 97.

A witty statement of a disappointment in an expected legacy.

With rushes strewn the funeral pile
All lightly laid for kindling lies;
Casia and myrrh his weeping wife
For her expiring husband buys:
The grave is dug, the bier prepared,
The anointer with his drugs attends;
When Numa, as a last resource,
Makes me his heir, and straight he mends.

XI. 41.

On the death of Amyntas, killed by a fall from a tree. The poet warns his own herdsman not to run a similar risk.

The swain Amyntas, to his herd too kind,
Proud of their good repute and lusty show,
Broke through the o'erladen boughs with acorns lined,
Following himself the wealth he showered below.
His sire, lest it survive so dire a fall,
To feed his pyre condemned that fatal tree.
Our neighbours, Lygdus, fat their swine may call;
To count my flock is all I ask of thee.

XI. 91.

Aeolidos Canace iacet hoc tumulata sepulcro,
Ultima cui parvae septima venit hiemps.
Ah scelus, ah facinus! properas quid flere, viator?
Non licet hic vitae de brevitare queri.
Tristius est leto leti genus: horrida voltus
Abstulit et tenero sedit in ore lues,
Ipsaque crudeles ederunt oscula morbi,
Nec data sunt nigris tota labella rogis.
Si tam praecipiti fuerant ventura volatu,
Debuerant alia fata venire via.
Sed mors vocis iter properavit cludere blandae,
Ne posset duras flectere lingua deas.

XI. 91.

On a favourite little slave-girl, who died of cancer in the lip.

Little Aeolian Canace

Lies buried 'neath this marble floor.

Seven winters did the maiden see,

And after them no winter more.

"Ah bitter fate, ah timeless bane!"

Nay, mourn not thus, kind passer-by.

Enough, we may not here complain

That she, while yet so young, should die.

For cruel cancer's hateful doom

Her child-face wasted in its ire,

Devoured her kisses' fragrant bloom,

Nor left whole lips to grace her pyre.

Twice sad is death that comes like this:

For if the Fates were purposed still

To seize with sudden swoop, I wis

There yet were other ways to kill.

But Death with hasty footsteps went

To close the doors of speech, for fear

Those cruel goddesses relent,

If her sweet voice should reach their ear.

XI. 96.

Marcia, non Rhenus, salit hic, Germane: quid obstas
Et puerum prohibes divitis imbre lacus?
Barbare, non debet submoto cive ministri
Captivam victrix unde levare sitim.

XII. 23.

Dentibus atque comis, nec te pudet, uteris emptis.
Quid facies oculo, Laelia? non emitur.

XI. 96.

On a German, who had rudely thrust a Roman boy from one of the city fountains.

Here springs the Marcian water, not thy Rhine,
German; then why from its abundant shower
Dost drive yon boy away? Barbarian, thine,
I ween, it is not thus with tyrannous power
To grudge a citizen the conqueror's wave,
That it may quench the thirst of captive slave.

XII. 23.

On Laelia, who wore false hair and false teeth, and had also lost one eye by ophthalmia.

To cheat our eyes, bought teeth and hair,
Laelia, you're not ashamed to wear.
What will you do now for an eye?
Since that, you know, you cannot buy.

XII. 25.

Cum rogo te nummos sine pignore, "non habeo," inquis.

Idem, si pro me spondet agellus, habes.

Quod mihi non credis veteri, Telesine, sodali,

Credis coliculis arboribusque meis.

Ecce, reum Carus te detulit: assit agellus.

Exilio comitem quaeris? agellus eat.

XII. 25.

On an over-cautious friend of the poet's. The Roman would often come forward as advocate for his friend on trial, and, if he were sentenced to banishment, would sometimes even accompany him into exile. Carus was a notorious informer.

Should I a friendly loan require,
You ne'er comply with my desire.
If my estate in bond you hold,
You're ready with the needed gold.
Thus more than your old friend you please
To trust my cabbages and trees.
Does Carus swear you've broke the laws?
Let my estate go plead your cause.
Must you, an exile, cross the sea?
Let my estate your comrade be.

XII. 52.

Tempora Pieria solitus redimire corona,
Nec minus attonitis vox celebrata reis,
Hic situs est, hic ille tuus, Sempronia, Rufus,
Cuius et ipse tui flagrat amore cinis.
Dulcis in Elysio narraris fabula campo
Et stupet ad raptus Tyndaris ipsa tuos.
Tu melior, quae deserto raptore redisti:
Illa virum voluit nec repetita sequi.
Ridet, et Iliacos audit Menelaus amores:
Absolvit Phrygium vestra rapina Parim.
Accipient olim cum te loca laeta piorum,
Non erit in Stygia notior umbra domo.
Non aliena videt, sed amat Proserpina raptas:
Iste tibi dominam conciliavit amor.

XII. 52.

To Sempronia, upon the death of her husband Rufus, a poet and orator. She had, on some previous occasion, eloped from her husband, but had returned to him. Hence the allusions to the rape of Helen by Paris, and of Proserpine by Pluto.

He, famous erst as pleader for the oppressed,
Who wore a wreath plucked from the Muses' tree,
Lo! here thy Rufus doth, Sempronia, rest,
Even in whose ashes glows his love for thee.

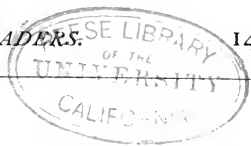
The Elysian fields thy happy story learn,
Helen herself doth marvel at the tale:
For thou, more true, didst to thy spouse return,
To bring her back not even did prayers prevail.

Now hears old Menelaus with a smile
Her love recounted for the Trojan youth,
And thinks she yet may come. His heart, the while,
For Phrygian Paris groweth soft with ruth.

Hereafter when the blest abode is thine,
No shade more famed shall in that hall be seen.
Such as thou art are loved by Proserpine;
Thy wifely love renewed hath won the queen.

XII. 82.

Effugere in thermis et circa balnea non est
Menogenen, omni tu licet arte velis. /
Captabit tepidum dextra laevaue trigonem,
Imputet acceptas ut tibi saepe pilas.
Colliget et referet laxum de pulvere follem,
Et si iam lotus, iam soleatus erit.
Lintea si sumes, nive candidiora loquetur,
Sint licet infantis sordidiora sinu.
Exiguos secto comentem dente capillos,
Dicet Achilleas disposuisse comas.
Fumosae feret ipse tropin de faece lagonae,
Frontis et humorem colliget usque tuae.
Omnia laudabit, mirabitur omnia, donec
Perpessus dicas taedia mille "Veni!"



XII. 82.

On a greedy parasite, who would stoop to any device to secure an invitation to dinner. See Introduction, p. x.

Or in the baths or loitering round
All day Menogenes is found.
Go, practise every art you please,
You won't escape Menogenes.
When flies the ball, alert he'll stand,
And catch it deft with either hand,
That you may have to thank his skill,
Which saved you thus from stooping still.
He'll fetch you with the greatest gust
The flabby football soiled with dust,
Although he's sandalled, spruce and fine,
All ready to go out to dine.
You take your towel: at the sight,
Cries he, "Was ever snow so white?"
Though all the while, (so bare's the fib),
'Tis dirtier than an infant's bib.
Arranging next with tooth of wood
Your scanty locks as best he should,
The man, in raptures, will declare,
"I'm combing, sure, Achilles' hair!"
From smoke-stained jar he'll fetch you in
Wine-lees himself to smear your skin;
And with officious haste allow
No sweat unwiped upon your brow.
Admiring all, intent to please,
He praises everything he sees;
Till, sick with thousand meddlings past,
"Pray come and dine," you cry at last.

XII. 89.

Quod lana caput alligas, Charine,
Non aures tibi, sed dolent capilli.

XII. 90.

Pro sene, sed clare, votum Maro fecit amico,
Cui gravis et fervens hemitritaeus erat,
Si Stygias aeger non esset missus ad umbras,
Ut caderet magno victima grata Iovi.
Coeperunt certam medici spondere salutem.
Ne votum solvat, nunc Maro vota facit.

XII. 89.

On one who concealed his baldness with a woollen wrapper on the pretence of having the ear-ache. See Introduction, p. xiii.

You wrap your bald head, and pretend
You've got the ear-ache. But, my friend,
Your hair it is, if truth were known,
That aches to think how scant 'tis grown.

XII. 90.

On a legacy-hunter, who, to ingratiate himself, had offered a vow for a rich friend's recovery; and being put in his will, now offers further vows that he may die.

For his dear friend, now old and grey,
Who sorely ill with fever lay,
Maro, close by, in accents loud,
To mighty Jove a victim vowed;
If so the patient might not go
Down to the Stygian shades below.
But when the doctors soon began
To assure recovery for the man,
Fresh vows doth Maro offer now,
Lest he should have to pay his vow.

XII. 94.

Scribebamus epos; coepisti scribere: cessi,

Aemula ne starent carmina nostra tuis.

Transtulit ad tragicos se nostra Thalia cothurnos:

Aptasti longum tu quoque syrma tibi.

Fila lyrae movi Calabris exculpta Camenis:

Plectra rapis nobis, ambitiose, nova.

Audemus saturas: Lucilius esse laboras.

Ludo leves elegos: tu quoque ludis idem.

Quid minus esse potest? epigrammata fingere coepi:

Hinc etiam petitur iam mea palma tibi.

Elige, quid nolis; quis enim pudor, omnia velle?

Et si quid non vis, Tucca, relinque mihi.

XII. 94.

To Tucca, who persistently imitated Martial in every style of poetry that he adopted. Lucilius was the father of Roman Satire. The *plectrum*, or quill, was an instrument for striking the strings of the lyre.

I tried my hand at epics: you
Forthwith began to write them too.
Whereat I stopped, for fear that I
Should with your verses seem to vie.
My sportive Muse would fain prepare
The tragic buskin next to wear:
When o'er your shoulders too I spy
The sweeping pall of Tragedy.
Driven thence, the lyre's sweet chords I stirred,
Which erst Horatian music heard:
You, not to be outrivalled still,
Snatch from my hand the lyric quill.
I venture satire: you again
Labour to hit Lucilius' vein.
I elegiac trifles write:
At once like trifles you indite.
Then I, the last and least to take,
Light epigrams began to make:
You, nothing loth, endeavour now
To pluck this laurel from my brow.
What style you do *not* wish for, choose:
You cannot all, in reason, use.
And if for one you should not care,
That, Tucca, leave me as my share.

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